



A Breeze Through the CONduit

A Book of Filksongs

Featuring the talents of Cat Faber



**A Breeze Through the CONduit is dedicated to Rhea Oberg and Eric Eimersen, two
filkers gone but not forgotten.**

**Cover and interior art pages 14 and 29: Briony of Windermere (m.k.a. Wendy Howarth)
Clip art cats: Skier Graphics computer clip art, Harvard Graphics
Clip art butterfly: Harvard Graphics**

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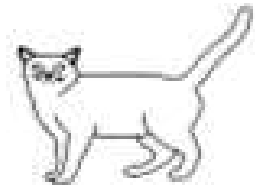
Collected at CONduit

Salt Lake City, Utah

April 19 - 21, 1991

Edited by Julia West

Cat Faber was Filk Guest of Honor at CONduit, April 19-21, 1991 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She began writing songs as Myfanwy ferch Tangwystl in the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA) and then branched out into science fiction and fantasy after attending a science fiction convention.



At CONduit Cat opened Barbara Hambly's panel on magic with her song, "Zyerne." She also conducted a popular filk workshop, was featured in the filk concert, and was a popular contributor to the evening filksings.

Beverly Shoemaker and Holly Stuart's song, "The Perils of Norm Bangerter," took first place in CONduit's filkwriting contest under the category "Utah Issues." They have been active in filk fandom in Utah for a long time.

Matthew Ouimette's song, "The Brine Shrimp That ATE Salt Lake City," took second place in the "Utah Issues" category. Matthew is new to Utah's filk fandom, but we hope he'll keep up the good work!

As Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes, Julia Howarth West was active as a bard in the SCA for many years. She's also a long-time science fiction filker, and was "Filk Mom" for CONduit.

Note page 5: Norman Bangerter is (at the time of publication) Governor of the State of Utah. Several years ago, when the Great Salt Lake rose because of heavy rains, the lake-centered salt and other industries close to the lake were alarmed that they may be flooded out. So instead of letting nature take its course, millions of tax-payer's dollars were spent to build pumps to lower the lake's water level a few inches.

A new highway surface, "syncrete," was put on miles of the busiest part of the Interstate Freeway through Salt Lake City. Unfortunately, the composition of the syncrete tested and that used were different, and as soon as freeway traffic returned the new surface flaked off in huge chunks and had to be removed at great cost to the tax-payers.

Note page 17: Manley Wade Wellman wrote a series of novels and short stories of Silver John, the balladeer who roamed the American Appalachians with his silver-stringed guitar. His penchant for coming across and defeating beings employing evil magic soon became legend among the mountain people.

Note: m.k.a. means "mundanely known as."

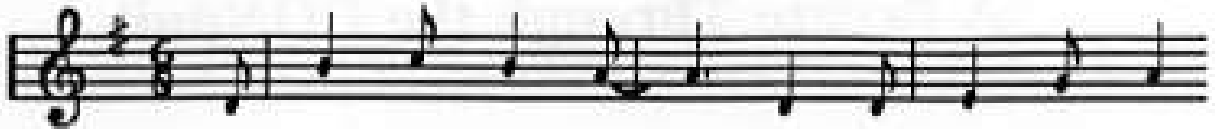
Note: This book's title is a takeoff on the title of a Meg Davis piece, "Wind in the Pipes."

A Breeze Through the CONduit

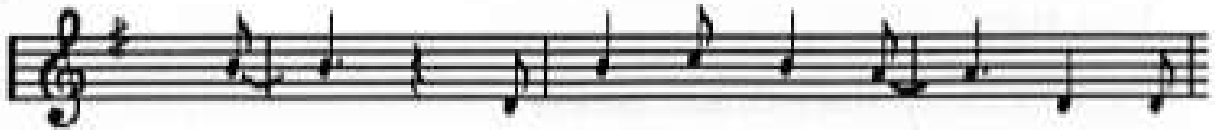
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Acres and Acres

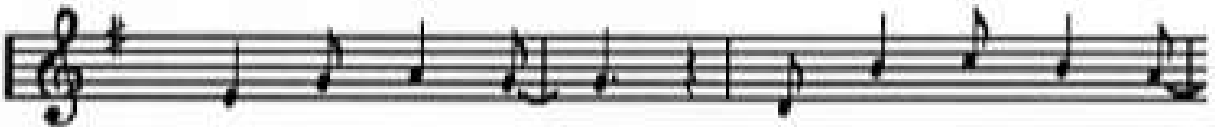
Words and Music by Catherine Faber



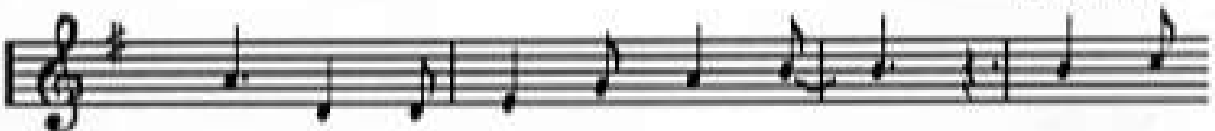
When I was a young girl, I went to the



hill, To seek huck - le - berr - ies, my



bas - ket to fill. They hung on the branch
(1st, 2nd



- es, like grapes on the vine. . . A - cres
(verses)



and a - cres, and all of it mine!
(last verse)



A - cres and a - cres, and all of it mine!

When I was a young girl I went to the hill,
To seek huckleberries, my basket to fill.
They hung on the branches like grapes on the vine. . .
Acres and acres, and all of it mine!

My mama's a weaver, her work without flaws
From woolens of coat-weight to linens like gauze.
I played in the storeroom with satins so fine--
Acres and acres and all of it mine!

A man came to court me, and won him my hand,
Gentle and loving with great. . . tracts of land;
His face it is handsome, his form it is fine--
Acres and acres, and all of it mine!



**The Perils of Norm Bangerter
or, Hellzapoppin' on the "Utah Tree"**

Words by Beverly Shoemaker and Holly Stuart

Music: "Popcorn Popping on the Apricot Tree"

I looked out the window, and what did I see?
Hordes of brine shrimp coming after me.
Spring had brought us all a big surprise:
Now the Great Salt Lake was on the rise.
Norman spent our money for pumps so fine
So businesses wouldn't drown in brine.
It wasn't very bright, but it seems to me
Norm is sucking up to industry.

I looked out the window, and just as I thought,
Norm had left his precious pumps to rot.
Bangerter began to wail and moan
When the lake receded on its own.
So he took some money from higher ed.
And built a glorified storage shed.
Though I don't want to know what he's up to now,
Guess I'll hear about it anyhow.

I looked out the window, and lo and behold--
Bangerter had paved the streets with gold.
Called it "syn-crete," and it was a sin--
Laid it down, then ripped it up again.
I could take some money and buy a treat
If Norm had not spread it on the street.
It wasn't really gold, but may as well have been.
Bangerter had screwed us all again.

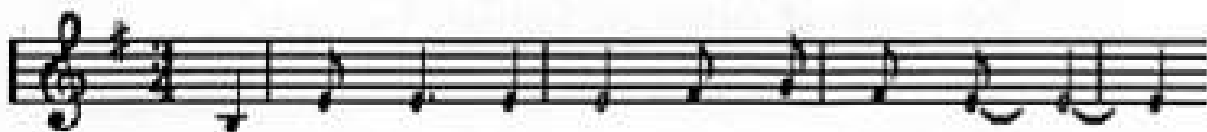
(Bean us up, Scotty Matheson! There's no intelligent
government here. . .)

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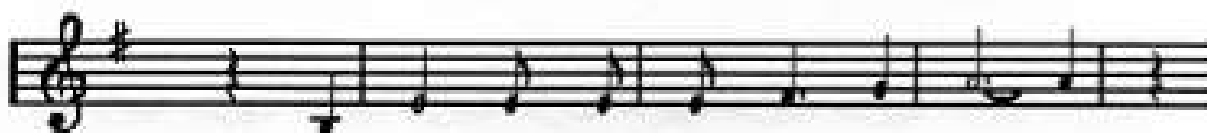


Black Molly

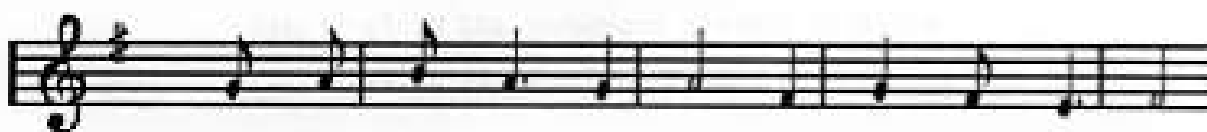
Words and Music by Catherine Faber



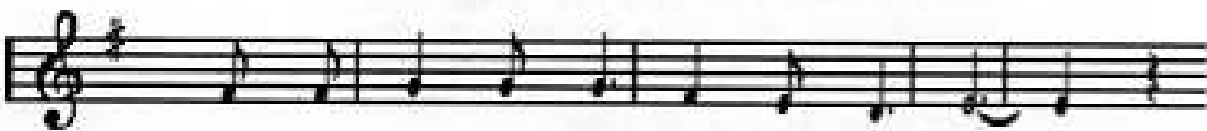
Now Mol - ly was brown as a be - rry,



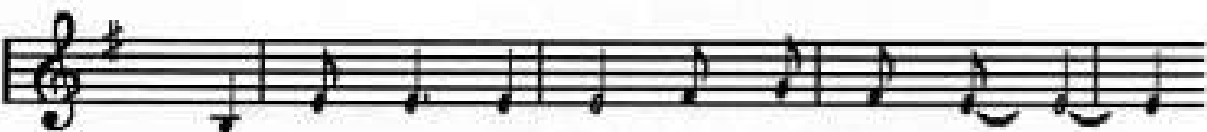
Her hair like the sha - dow at noon,



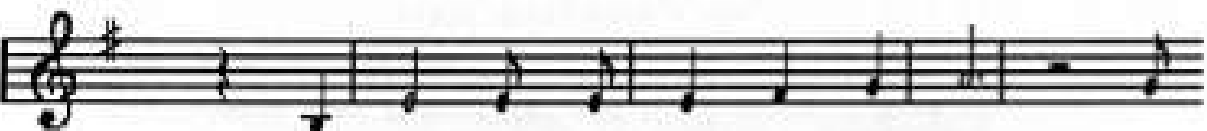
And her we - rry brown eyes could flash a sur - prise,



So the young men all danced to her tune.

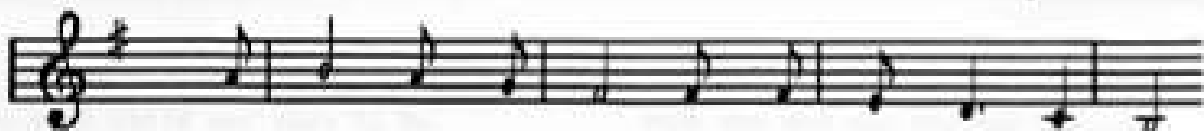


But Mol - ly is gone from the wa - ter,

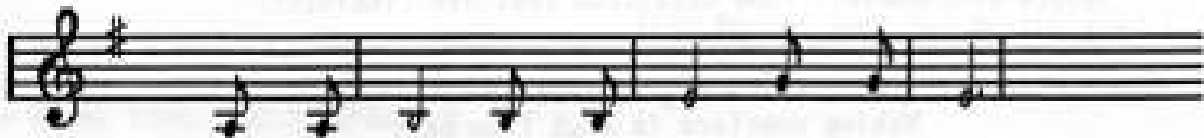


No more with the lads for to talk; She

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was drowned, she was drowned, and she ne - ver was found



where the black wa - ter slaps at the rock.

Now Molly was brown as a berry,
Her hair like the shadow at noon,
And her merry brown eyes could flash a surprise,
So the young men all danced to her tune.
But Molly is gone from the water,
No more with the lads for to talk;
She was drowned, she was drowned, and she never was found,
Where the black water slaps at the rock.

When darkness was over the water,
And Molly was out with a fare,
By the water-stair steep her heart gave a leap
So that she could do nothing but stare,
And when that her fare had departed,
She had to draw closer and talk--
She was drowned, she was drowned, and she never was found,
Where the black water slaps at the rock.

His trousers were wet to the ankle,
And oh, like the moon he was pale.
To her eyes he was fair; with a toss of her hair,
She invited him over the rail.
"Oh, won't you step up for the evening?
Step up, on my deck for to walk--"
She was drowned, she was drowned, and she never was found,
Where the black water slaps at the rock.

When I saw her skip pass, she was talking,
Laughing up at a spot in the air,
And her hair stirred in place, and she lifted her face--
But I could see nobody there.
Where the current runs out to Dead Harbor,
She poled her skip into the lock,
She was drowned, she was drowned, and she never was found,
Where the black water slaps at the rock.

It was at low tide that she left us.
At high tide her skip drifted back,
And the engine was oiled, and the painter was coiled
And the pole neatly laid in its rack.
But never a sign of our Molly,
So bright with her laughter and talk.
She was drowned, she was drowned, and she never was found,
Where the black water slaps at the rock.

The Brine Shrimp That ATE Salt Lake City

Words by Matthew Quimette

Music: "The Cockroach That Ate Cincinatti"

I work for a big laboratory
Making monsters is what I do best
All my subjects are hairy,
Or scaly, or scary,
Or have 15 eyes on their crest.

Growth hormones were my newest project;
My subjects were so small and pretty.
But the hormones were bad
And so they all went mad:
The Brine Shrimp That Ate Salt Lake City.

Well they ate Salt Lake City and Provo,
And then Ogden and Bountiful too.
Then they headed out east,
All those ravenous beasts,
They even devoured Hogle Zoo.

My lab partner knew how to stop them,
He said we must show them no pity.
"Cold Fusion is how
We can finish them now:
The Brine Shrimp That Ate Salt Lake City."

Now you all may enjoy what I'm singing,
I'll admit that it's not a bad ditty.
But you'd all scream with fear
If by chance they were here:
The Brine Shrimp That Ate Salt Lake City.

An amateur film created years ago, "The Great Brine Shrimp," has become something of a cult classic in Utah fandom. In it, one of the almost microscopic denizens of the Great Salt Lake is magnified thousands of times, and rampages throughout the Salt Lake Valley creating havoc. This song is a takeoff on that idea.

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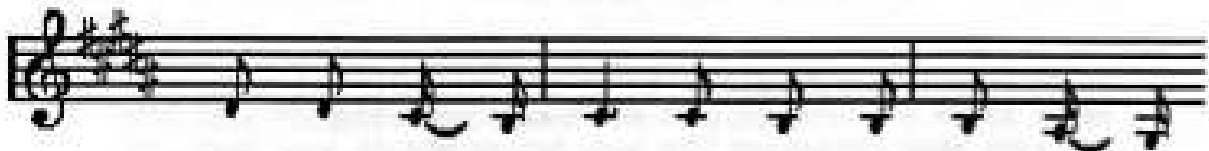
Don't Ever Love

Words and Music by Rhonwen y Llystieuyddes
(m.k.a. Julia West)



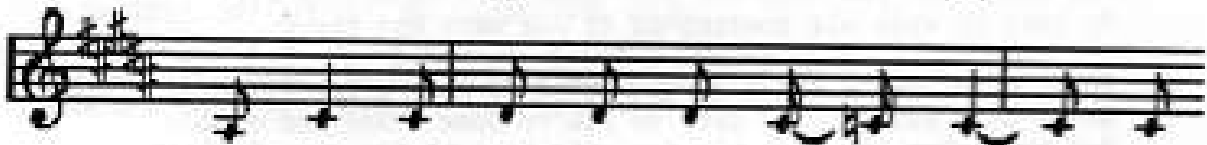
Don't ev - er love a fight - er: He'll care

D7 C



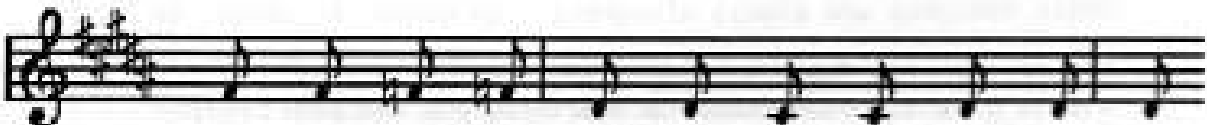
more for his sword. And while he's out there

G A7 D7



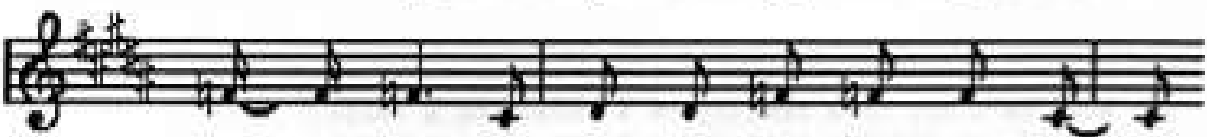
fight - ing you're on the side - lines, bored. And

G C G C



e - ven when you're snug - gled close and have him in

D7 C D7 G



your arms He's much too bruised and ti - red to

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ap - pre - ci - ate your charms.

Don't ever love a fighter: He'll care more for his sword.
 And while he's out there fighting you're on the sidelines, bored.
 And even when you're snuggled close and have him in your arms
 He's much too bruised and tired to appreciate your charms.

Don't ever love a bard, for he'll care more for his song.
 He'll often go a-roaming and won't take you along.
 And even when you've got him home beside you in your bed
 Your beauty makes him get up and write a song, instead!

Don't ever love a scholar: he'll care more for a book.
 He'll leave you for a hist'ry without a second look.
 And even when you coax him with your most seductive air
 He goes on with his studies as if you were not there.

Don't ever love a dwarf lord: he'll care more for his gold.
 While he's out late to seek it you're home alone and cold.
 And even when you turn his thoughts to lust for you, instead,
 You'll find he will not leave it--he brings the gold to bed!

Don't ever love a merchant, a sailor, or a thief;
 And 'specially not a peasant--they'll only cause you grief.
 They're all too busy working to give you the love you need.
 Their thoughts are always elsewhere: on wares, or ships, or seed.

But if, despite these warnings, you take a fancy to
 A male of the species there's something you can do!
 A way I've found to ease the pain, and help you carry on:
 Enjoy him while you've got him--seek others when he's gone!

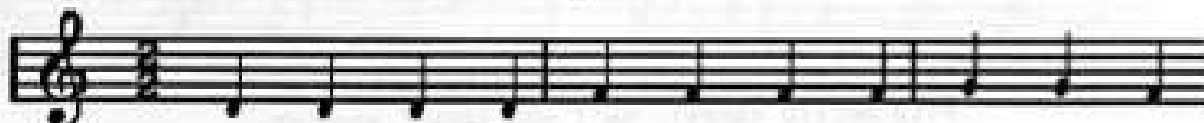
*"Don't Ever Love" is pretty easy to add verses to, either for SCA or SF.
 Here are some of the verses written by other people in an SCA context.
 Try your own (and send the good ones to me).*

Don't ever love a herald: his duties never cease;
 When he's not in a meeting he's heralding a feast.
 And if you should, with pun sublime, entice him to your bed,
 He will not take advantage; he'll warrant you, instead!
 --Keridwen of Montrose

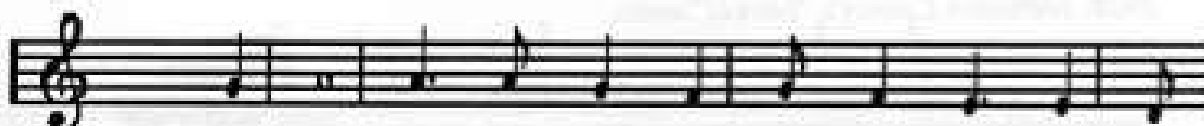
Don't ever love a Baron, don't love a Prince or King;
 Their duties never leave them any time for better things.
 And when, at last, with candle burning, up the stairs you creep,
 You'll find their chambers chilly and you'll find them fast asleep!
 --Elfwynn Gythesdohtor

The Hero of Stony Tor

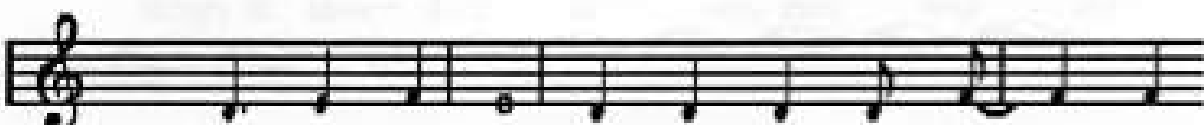
Words and Music by Catherine Faber



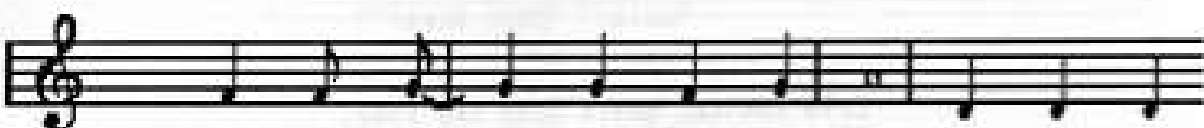
Once he was just Van - yel - lad, in gift and grief



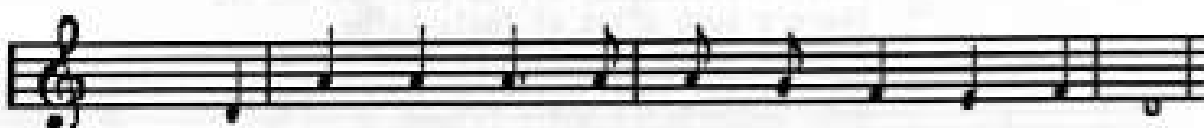
en - snared, Few the folk that knew of him and few



er still that cared. No one, e - ven he, knew



what the fu - ture held in store--Sha - dow - stalk



er, De - mon's - bane, the He - ro of Sto - ny Tor.

Once he was just Vanyel-lad, in gift and grief ensnared. . .
Few the folk that knew of him and fewer still that cared.
No one, even he, knew what the future held in store--
Shadowstalker, Demon's bane, the Hero of Stony Tor.

Now he is a Herald-Mage, the strongest ever known
Guards the bitter Border, at the asking of the Throne
All the Bards sing songs of him, and still they're making more
Shadowstalker, Demon's bane, the Hero of Stony Tor.

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A Breeze Through the CONduIt, Copyright 1992 by Julia West, Page 11

They say he can pull power from the very living Land
And weirdlings from the Pelagirs are tame beneath his hand
That Death, who could not hold him, has made promises before
The Shadowstalker, Demon's bane, the Hero of Stony Tor.

Bound by magic's promise, now he sees what time has shown
That part of magic's price is to be very much alone
Pity Herald Vanyel, he's not Vanyel anymore--
Shadowstalker, Demon's bane, the Hero of Stony Tor.

From Mercedes Lackey's "Herald" series.



Cold Fusion

Words by Beverly Shoemaker and Holly Stuart

Music: "Moon River"

Cold fusion, graft upon the side.
"There's nothing here to hide"--they say.
Is cold fusion an illusion?
I guess that the press got it wrong on that day.

Pons, Fleischmann, off to fool the world.
There's such a lot of fools-to-be.
They're after that rich rainbow's end. . .
Reputations bend. . .
Norm Bangerter's their friend. . .
Cold fusion--we'll see.

Several years ago two chemistry professors at the University of Utah, Stanley Pons and Martin Fleischmann, announced that they had created fusion at room temperature, or "cold" fusion. Since then the controversy has raged--was it fusion? Does their process really work?

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Homecoming

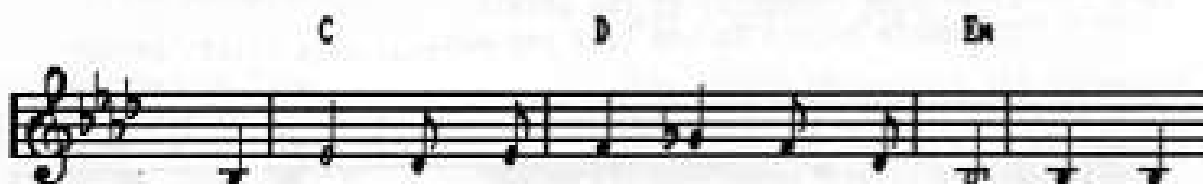
Words and Music by Rhonwen y Lllysieuyddes
(m.k.a. Julia Howarth West)



So now, my lord, you have come home from the wars,



seek - ing me here, in my lone - ly bed. Aft - er



your conquests in lands so far a - field You will



re - turn to the la - dy you wed.

Em C D Em
So now, my lord, you have come home from the wars,
Am D Em
Seeking me here, in my lonely bed.
C D Em
After your conquests in lands so far afield
Am D Em
You will return to the lady you wed.

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These seven years for your holding I have cared
While you the ways of warfare did learn.
Raised up your sons, oversaw your homes and lands,
Patiently waiting the day you'd return.

Why did you linger so long in foreign lands
After our king the battles had won?
Don't spin me tales of your duty and your deeds--
I have had word of the things you have done.

In a small keep near some conquered town
There dwells a woman so young and so fair.
After the fighting and the treaties were all done
Still did you choose to remain with her there.

What did you think of as you lay down by her side?
Did you remember my love and my trust?
At any time did my face come to your mind,
Or were those mem'ries all drowned by your lust?

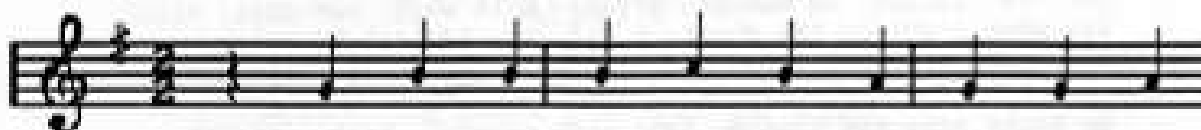
So now, my lord, you have come home from the wars,
Seeking me here, in my lonely bed.
After your conquests so far afield
You would return to the lady you wed.



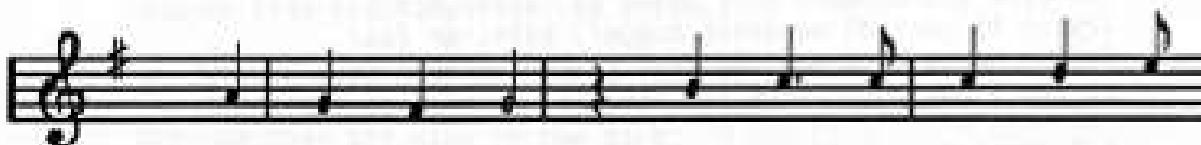
How many women, through the ages, have suffered a homecoming like the one described here?

How It Is Applied

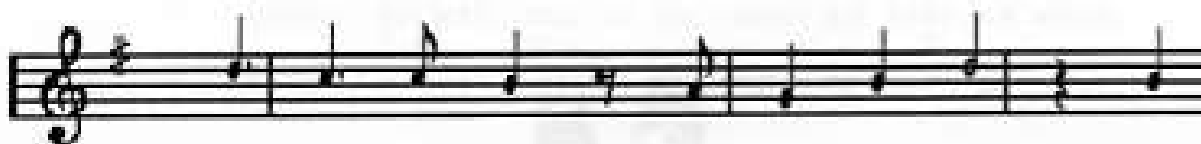
Words and Music by Catherine Faber



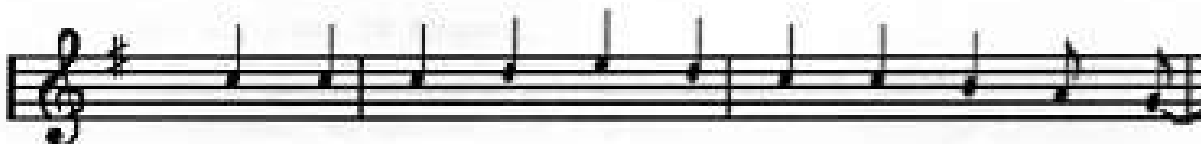
In Ryo-val's dark-ened base-went Nai-smith paced



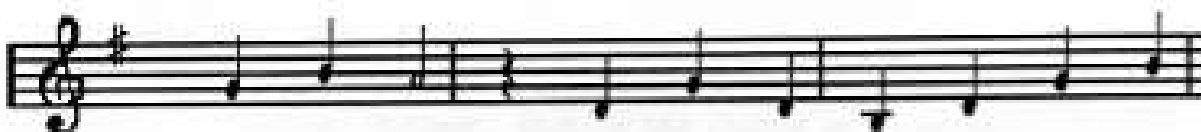
and laid his plans. Sur - vive, es - cape, do dan-



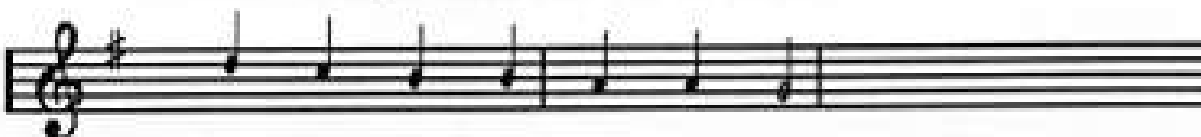
age; great! with what, our emp - ty hands? But



when I voiced the doubts I had, the Ad - mir - al



he cried, "It is - n't how much force you



use, it's how it is app - lied!"

In Ryoval's darkened basement, Naismith paced and laid his plans:
Survive, escape, do damage; great! With what, our empty hands?
But when I voiced the doubts I had, the Admiral he cried,
"It isn't how much force you use, it's how it is applied!"

We broke into the cloning labs with careful, hasty stealth,
And found, in tissue freezers there, the bulk of Ryoval's wealth.
A touch turned up the temperature, and every sample fried.
It isn't how much force you use; it's how it is applied!

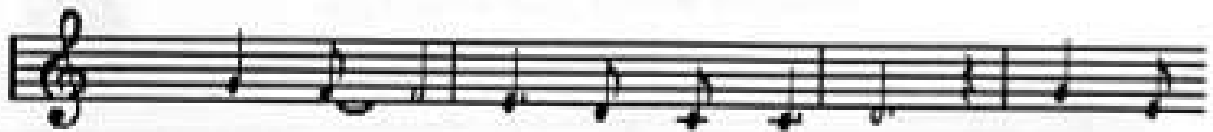
The folk who thought they owned me, every one had cost me dear
Trying to control me using hunger, pain, or fear.
But in hours he'd won the loyalty that others were denied--
It isn't how much force you use; it's how it is applied.

I figured sure he'd ditch me, but he didn't, in the chase
And now I've joined his mercs, I have a purpose and a place.
This principle I've kept in mind in all that I have tried:
It isn't how much force you use; it's how it is applied!



Inspired by Lois McMaster Bujold's "The Borders of Infinity"

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ing John, John who does not fear, Sil - ver



John, Hon - est John, John the Bal - la - deer.

Often in the mountains I have heard the people say
"You needn't fear the dark, my child, since John has passed this way."
And when I stop and ask them of this person who is gone,
They tell another story of the wanderer called John.

Chorus (after every verse):

Singing John, Walking John, John who does not fear;
Silver John, Honest John, John the balladeer.

They say he packs an old guitar; he picks it and he sings.
That evil fairly flinches from his fabled silver strings.
They say he stands up tall and straight, and more than passing fair,
But gave his heart up, long ago, to gallant Evadare.

They told a tale of magic, in a town that stood along
Of an ugly bird with feet like hands like none of nature's own;
This evil man's familiar held the town in fear, I heard,
'Til John, he took its master on, and killed the Ugly Bird.

They whisper of a small black train; its whistle's lonesome sound
That comes for sinners when they die, to take them where they're bound.
If I have heard the tale one time, then I have heard it ten:
How John, he sang the black train up, and sang it down again.

And every time they finish, and I ask where John did go,
They shake their heads and smile at me, and tell me they don't know,
And tell their watching children, "There's no need to be afraid,
There's nothing in the darkness now, but things the good Lord made."

And so I go from place to place, I get by as I can;
It seems I always find the tales, but never find the man.
I'm always just a day too late; my luck has been the worst;
So tell him I am seeking him, if you should meet him first!

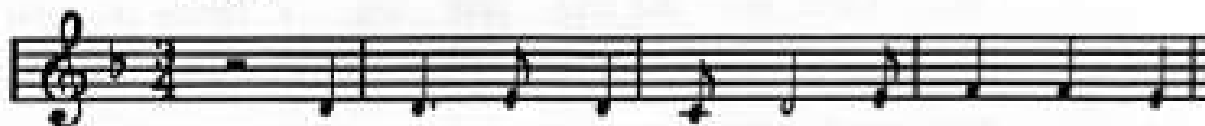
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Mad In White Linen

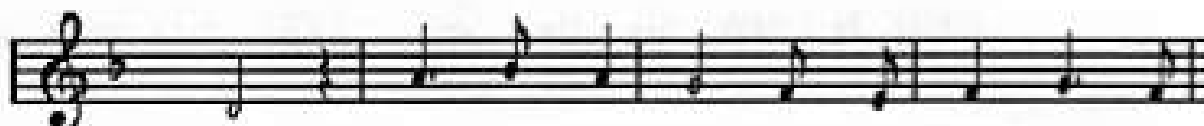
Words and Music by Catherine Faber



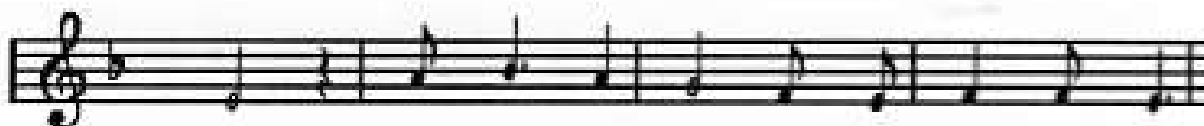
freely



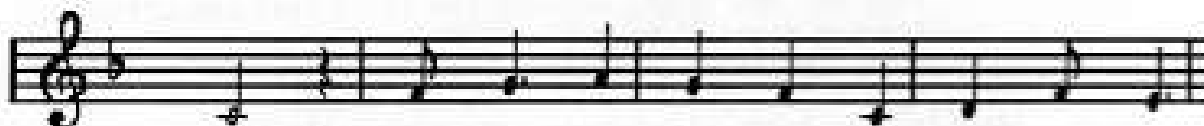
She's mad in white li - nen, her form fair - ly



glows, Clad in her shift, down the hall - ways she

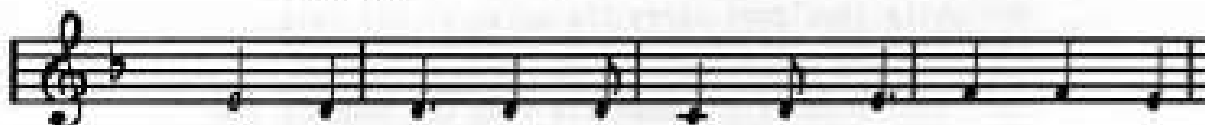


goes. Sing - ing, she laughs through the tears that she

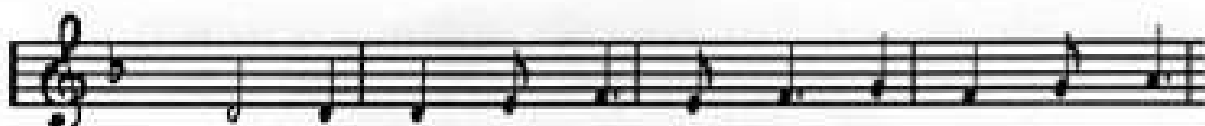


cries, Star - ing right through you with un - see - ing

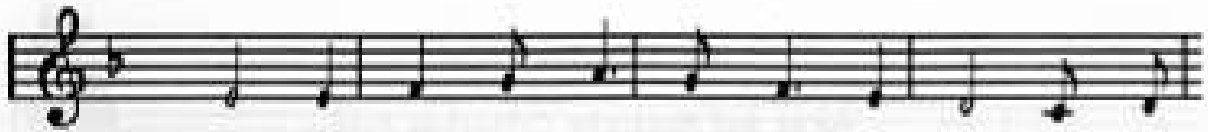
(verse)



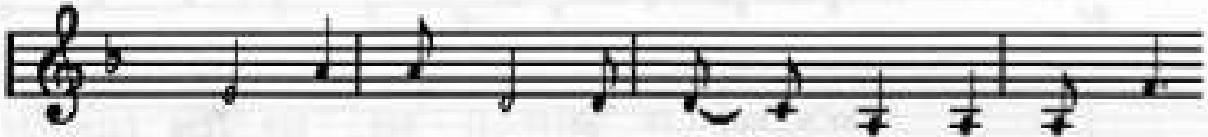
eyes. Those eyes hold a grief that no joy can dis -



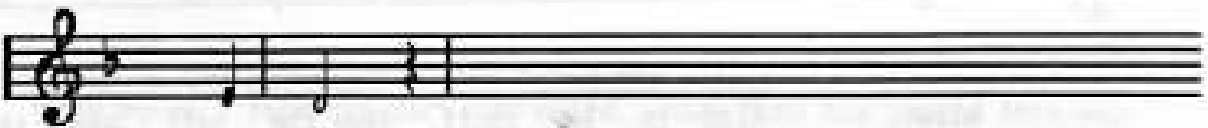
-pell. They saw her babes slaugh - tered when High - cas - tle



fell. Their mur - der - er, seek - ing a throne in the



strife, He took him the wo - man he'd wid - owed



to wife.

Chorus (after every verse):

She's mad in white linen, her form fairly glows,
Clad in her shift, down the hallways she goes.
Singing, she laughs through the tears that she cries,
Staring right through you with unseeing eyes.

Those eyes hold a grief that no joy can dispel.
They saw her babes slaughtered when Highcastle fell.
Their murderer, seeking a throne in the strife,
He took him the woman he'd widowed to wife.

Her hair flies about her, so vividly red,
Loose and still tangled from Throne-seeker's bed.
Her white shoulders carry the marks of his belt,
And black are the bruises his heavy hands dealt.

They say in the night when the Keep was brought low,
She fled down a way her new Lord could not go,
Her feet bare and bleeding, her eyes calm and wild;
My grandfather saw her when he was a child.

About this one, Cat says, "This phrase kept cropping up in the books I was reading. I'd never seen it before--and that doesn't happen to me very much nowadays. It means extra-specially mad, as in 'So-and-so is mad in white linen.' I thought, 'Gee, that's a very evocative phrase.'"

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Mutants

Words by Julia West and the Minicon Filk Group
Music: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

 C C G
The kids played outside in the fallout,
 G A7 D
They ran through the stuff as a lark.
 G C G
The kids played outside in the fallout,
 C D7 G
And now they all glow in the dark.

Chorus (after every verse):

 G C Am D7 G
Mutants, mutants, that is the reason our kids are weird.
 G C Am D7 G
Mutants, mutants, that is the reason we're weird.

Our Johnny came home from school crying,
Ashamed of his shiny green scales.
He doesn't fit in with the kids there
'Cause most of the others have tails.

Now Susie has 24 fingers,
That's eight of them on every hand.
There's webbing between all those fingers--
In softball as catcher she's grand.

The cat went in heat last September,
Escaped to the crater to play.
The cat went in heat last September,
Just look what the cat had today!

Alternate chorus:

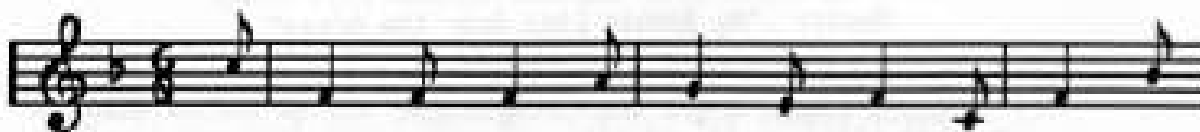
 Fallout, fallout, that is the reason the cat is weird.
 Fallout, fallout, that is the reason we're weird.

Our dog is dark blue with green feelers,
The cat has twelve legs and two heads.
Our parakeet's fur's soft and shiny,
His claws, though, could tear you to shreds.

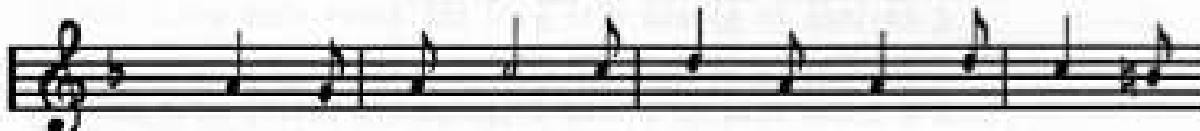
Occasionally when you get a group of filkers together, the combined lunacy comes up with the germ of a filksong. The first and fourth verses and the two choruses were the result of a filksing at a Salt Lake minicon--Julia wrote the rest a few weeks later.

Neville
Or, the Ensorcelled Son

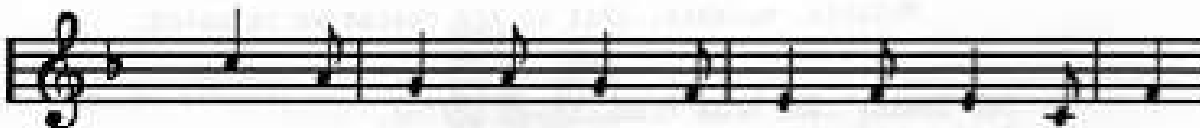
Words and Music by Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes
(m.k.a. Julia Howarth West)



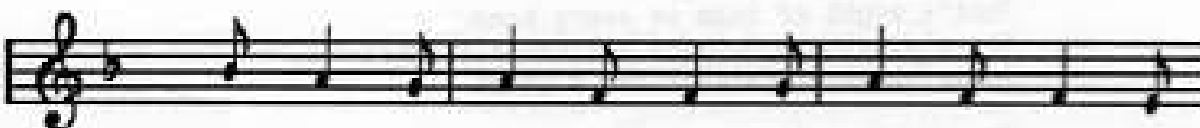
Oh, Robert de Spen-cer had a son, Sing hey a



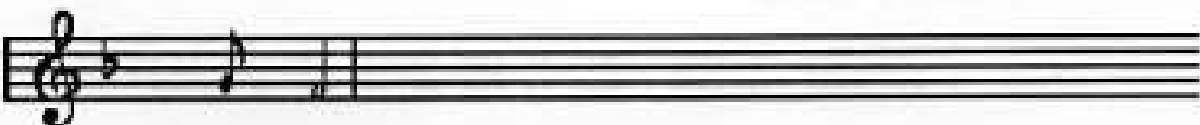
way a way oh, A lad of four; a live-ly



boy, His fa-ther's pride and his wo-ther's joy, But o-



ther folks he did an-noy. Sing hey a way a



way oh.

Robert and Leah de Spencer were baron and baroness of Salt Lake's local barony of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Loch Salann, for many years. This song was written before the Kingdom of Atenveldt split and Caerthe (Denver, Colorado) became part of the Kingdom of the Outlands. This story, of course, is apocryphal (or is it. . .?).

Neville
Or, the Ensorcelled Son

Words and Music by Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes
(m.k.a. Julia Howarth West)

Oh, Robert de Spencer had a son,
Sing hey a way a way-oh,
A lad of four; a lively boy,
His father's pride and his mother's joy--
But other folks he did annoy.
Sing hey a way a way-oh.

Oh, Neville was a naughty child,
Sing hey a way a way-oh,
The cats he'd tease, the dog he'd bite,
And with his sisters he would fight.
He was the terror of Hold Tyte.
Sing hey a way a way-oh.

He'd fill the horses' tails with burs.
He set the tapestries on fire
And threw his clothing in the mire.
And once he tripped a passing friar.

He wandered from the Hold one day,
He found a cottage 'mongst the trees
And entered like a vagrant breeze
Without the merest "if you please."

Inside he found the nicest toys--
A skull, all shiny clean and white,
Some bottles full of liquids bright,
A tall hat black as darkest night.

He climbed up on the table there.
He thought that it would be such fun
To dump the bottles one by one
And mix the contents when 'twas done.

Then came the owner of the cot;
A powerful enchanter he,
Who, when the naughty boy did see,
Did utter curses wrathfully.

Young Neville turned to run away,
Strange vapors rose around his head,
He choked and gasped, his face turned red,
And then he fell, ah!--seeming dead.

The smoke cleared slowly from the room.
No human child could there be seen--
Only a ferret, small and lean,
Crying out with frightment keen.

The word came swiftly to Hold Tyte
Of what the great enchanter'd done
To their obnoxious little son.
They knew their woes had just begun.

To the enchanter's cot they went.
They found the boy'd been sent away
That for his mischief he would pay;
They'd not see him for many a day.

They sought throughout all Atenveldt,
From wizard's cave to sorcerer's lair
They searched for Neville everywhere
And came at last to Caerthe fair.

And finally they found the lad!
A white witch had him in her care--
For four long years she'd kept him there;
To break the spell she did not dare.

De Spencer pled for his son's return.
But the witch said it would be in vain,
"I fear a ferret he'll remain
Until he learns to use his brain."

She brought him out for them to see.
They looked at him without surprise--
The pointed nose and beady eyes
Would mark him under any guise!

So home they took their wayward son.
And all his relatives do say
They hope a ferret he will stay--
They think him much improved that way!

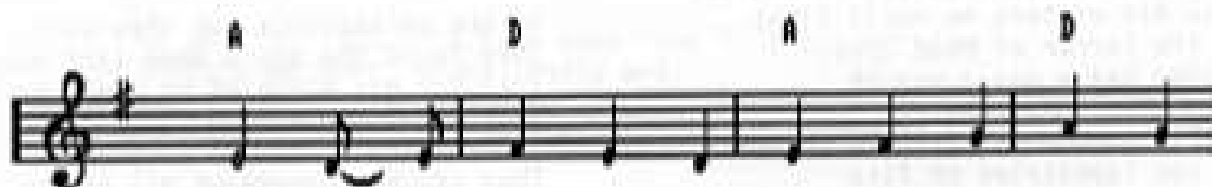
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Remembrance

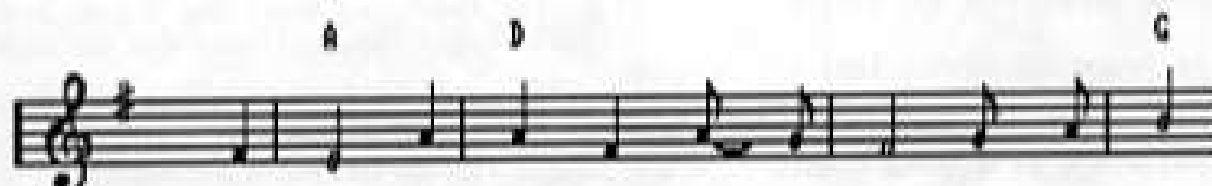
Words and Music by Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes
(n.k.a. Julia Howarth West)



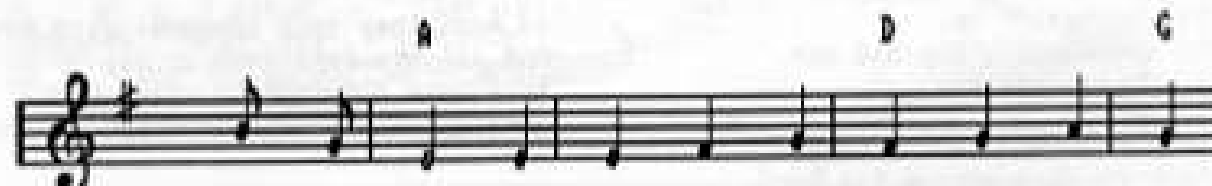
'Tis now in the warm ten-der green time of



spring I think of my bro-ther, the songs he



did sing. With crwth or with harp by some cold



mount-ain stream A-midst the pale flow'rs with his mu-



sio he'd dream. He'd sing of his love for the good



things he knew-- Fair wo - men, good head and



com - pan - ions so true.



He went off to fight in the late snows of



spring For Glyn Dwr, our Prince, 'gainst the troops of

'Tis now, in the warmth of a long summer day,
That I think of my father; remember the way
He would tell me long tales of Welsh heroes of old:
Cadwaladr, Bran, or Llywelyn so bold.
And he seemed, to my young eye, the essence of Wales--
Like one of the heroes stepped out of the tales.

He went off to fight in the cruel summer heat;
For our Prince he brought many a foe to defeat.
But even a hero's time comes to an end--
Like Bran and Llywelyn his life he did spend.

'Tis now, in the soft golden fall time of year,
That I will remember my true love so dear,
Who courted me through autumn's halcyon days
With garland of oak-leaves and late flower sprays.
He lay with me oft in the cold crystal dawn
And told me our love must forever go on.

He went off to fight in the chill rain of fall,
His love for his Prince overshadowing all.
But that love died with him on a cold mountain slope,
And left me bereft of all comfort and hope.

And now, in the cold of a bleak winter's morn
I cradle the son who should ne'er have been born.
My brother, my father, my lover--all dead,
It's all I can do to be sure my child's fed.
The heritage left him is warfare and strife;
Gone are the good things I had in my life.

They went off to war and I saw them no more.
They left only mem'ries of love--and their lore.
So I'll teach my son all their songs and their tales--
Remembrance of beauty and freedom in Wales.

This is a woman's viewpoint of war--the side not seen in the bards' songs of the glories of battle.

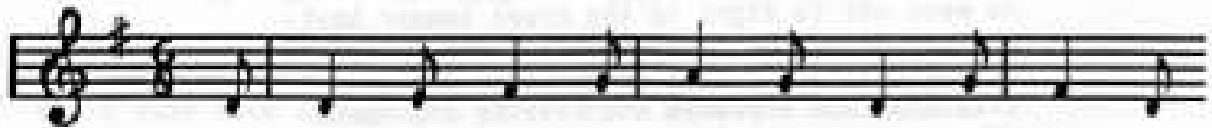
Owain Glyn Dwr (Glendower) was the Welsh Prince who, in the closing years of the fourteenth century, took most of Wales back from the English. Unfortunately for the Welsh people, the tide soon turned and by 1415 Glyn Dwr was in hiding and the English had taken back their former territories.

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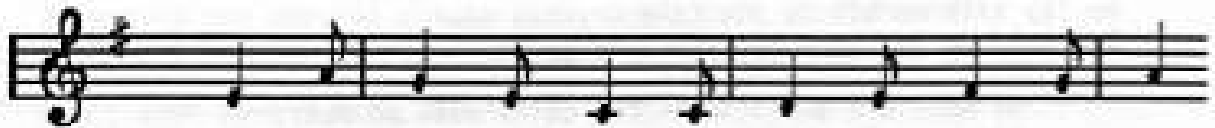
The Sea-Man

Words by Rhonwen y Llysluwyddes
(m.k.a. Julia Howarth West)

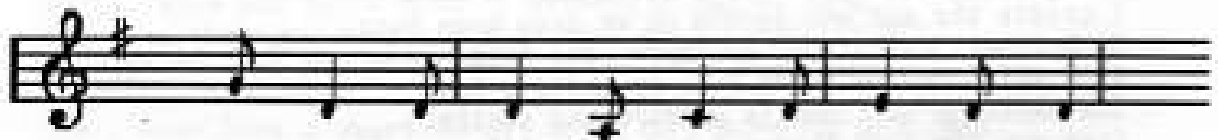
Music: Traditional



Young Huw and Ce - rys walked be - side the sea - shore



just at e - ven - tide. Said Huw, "I love you more



than life; pray say that you will be my wife."

Young Huw and Cerys walked beside
The seashore just at eventide.
Said Huw, "I love you more than life;
Pray say that you will be my wife."

Fair Cerys shook her lovely head,
"I am not ready for to wed."
She scorned his offer for her hand
And ran away along the sand.

The full moon rose, it shone so bright:
Along the waves a path of light.
As Cerys looked it seemed that she
Could see a man come from the sea.

He walked along the path to reach
A place quite near her on the beach.
She caught her breath--she'd never seen
A man so handsome, strong and lean.

CHORUS:

Oh, many a fine young lad has sought
To be my love, but I would not,
For never one appealed to me.
Then I saw the man from out the sea.

Like one bespelled she went to meet
The man, though waves lapped at her feet.
He took her hands and spoke her name.
"I'm Morien; for you I came."

She lay with him the waves beside
Until the turning of the tide.
Then as the sun rose mistily
He disappeared into the sea.

And every time the moon shone bright
Fair Cerys went out in the night
To walk upon the salt sea shore
And meet her lover one time more.

Then she with child was seen to be,
Young Hw still said, "Pray marry me."
Her father wished it to be so,
But Cerys answered only, "No."

CHORUS:

For many a fine young lad has sought
To be my love, but I would not.
For never one appealed to me
'Til I met the man from out the sea.

That evening she did leave her home
And by the seaside she did roam.
Hw followed her with anxious feet
That he might see whom she did meet.

The moon rose bright and Morien came.
Forth Cerys ran and called his name.
'Dear love, my father bids me wed,
But I'll have none save you," she said.

When Hw did see the two embrace
He left his stony hiding place,
'Oh Cerys, say it cannot be
You love a man from out the sea."

Fair Cerys started with alarm.
Then Morien took her by the arm
And led her 'neath the sea's bright foam
To share with him his watery home.

Though long Hw walked the salt sea shore
He did not see her ever more.
But often when the moon rose clear
It seemed his true love's voice he'd hear:

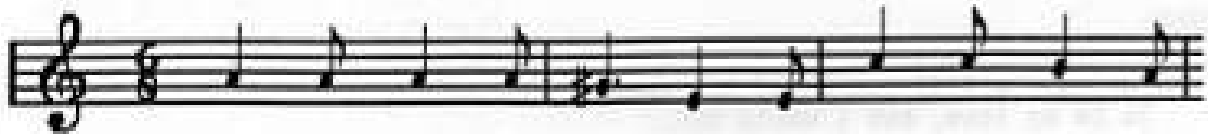
CHORUS:

For many a fine young lad has sought
To be my love, but I would not.
For never one appealed to me
'Til I met the man from out the sea.

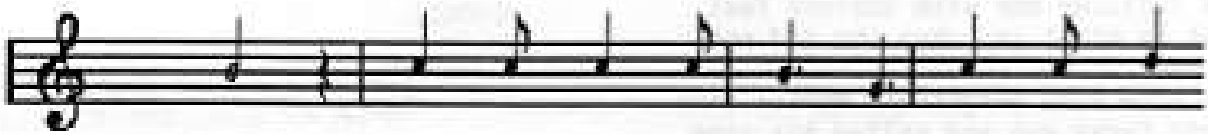


To Hunt the Butterfly

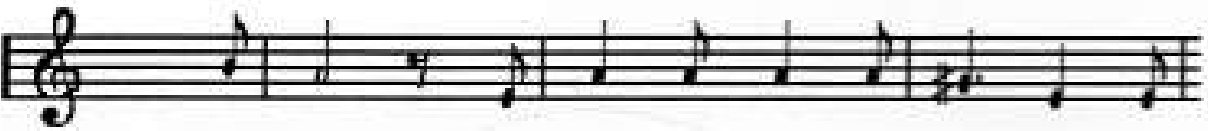
Words and Music by Myfanwy ferch Tangwystl
(m.k.a. Catherine Faber)



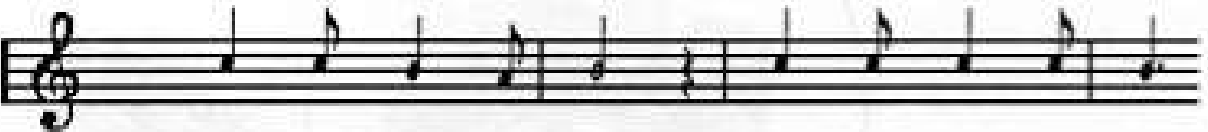
Ear - ly in the morn - ing, I saw the hunt - ers



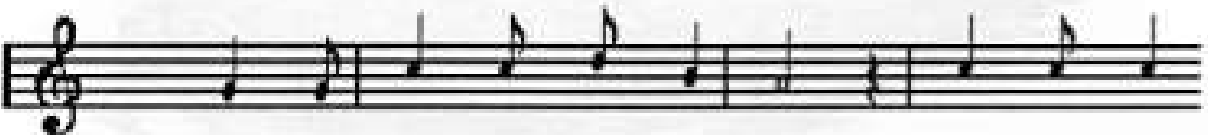
pass, Shin - ing in their ar - mor, leap - ing o'er



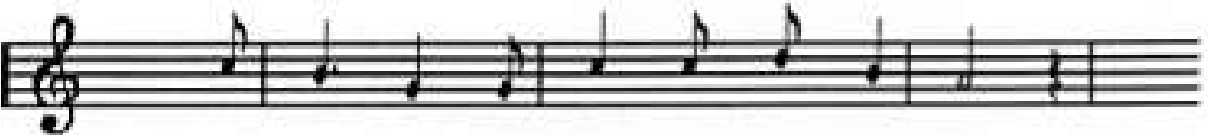
the grass. The hunt - ing horns were sound - ing, I



watched the hunt go by-- Ear - ly in the morn -



ing, to hunt the but - ter - fly. Ear - ly in



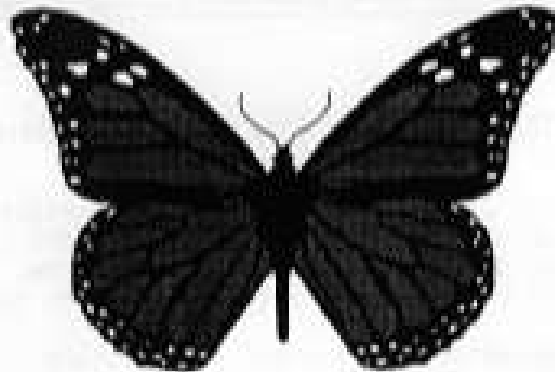
the morn - ing, to hunt the but - ter - fly!

Early in the morning, I saw the fighters pass
Shining in their armor, leaping o'er the grass
The hunting horns were sounding, I watched them pounding by
Early in the morning to hunt the butterfly
Early in the morning to hunt the butterfly

There run among the hunters names of high renown
Avelock and Ironstone, spoke from field to town
Eagerly they sally beneath an azure sky
Early in the morning to hunt the butterfly
Early in the morning to hunt the butterfly

Today they hunt a noble beast, a monarch of the land
Shining gold and sable, and bigger than your hand
It leads them on a merry chase, it has them leaping high
Early in the morning to hunt the butterfly
Early in the morning to hunt the butterfly

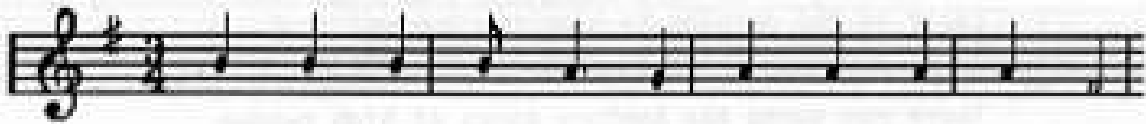
The hour is fast approaching when folk again begin
To battle with their comrades, the coronet to win
Though out of reach it flutter, the least among us try
Early in the morning to hunt the butterfly
Early in the morning to hunt the butterfly



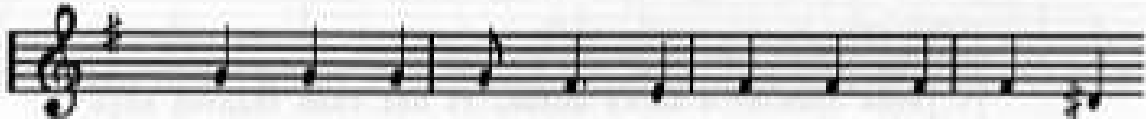
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Where Are You Going?

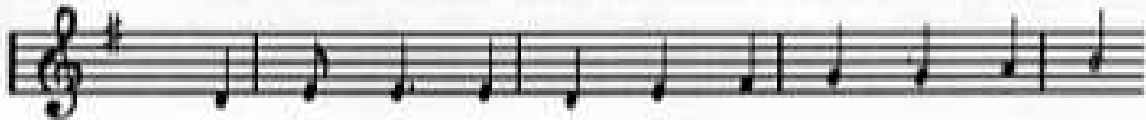
Words and Music by Catherine Faber



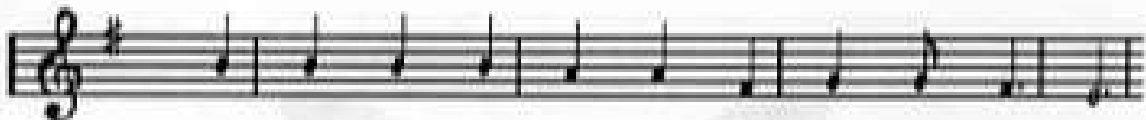
Where are you go - ing, steel wear - er prince - ri - der?



What are you know - ing, cool car - er bane bi - der?



Your bro - ther at hand and a sword at your side,



through this blas - ted land tell me, where do you ride?

Where are you going, steel-wearer, prince-rider?
What are you knowing, cool-carer, bane-bider?
Your brother at hand and a sword by your side,
Through this blasted land, tell me, where do you ride?

What are you doing, trail-taker, true-ruler?
What act are you ruling, shield-breaker, dark-dueler?
Your eyes full of doubt and your aspect so grim,
I think you ride out on much more than a whim.

What are you thinking, wind-wader, far-farer?
What bitter wine drinking, black-raider, blade-bearer?
Your rule is denied, your babe dead in his crib,
To exile you ride, your own self and your sib.

Who are you thus faring, heart-breaker, mad-muser?
Your mouth so despairing, life-taker, chance-chooser?
A Queen who still keeps her own crown in her sight,
A mother who weeps for her child in the night.

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Wonderful Thing

Words and Music by Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes
(m.k.a. Julia Howarth West)

G



He is - n't the hand - som - est lad in the world,

D

D7



And he's not as rich as a king, But it

G

C



does - n't mat - ter be - cause he is good At one

D7

G



ve - ry won - der - ful thing.

He isn't the handsomest lad in the world,
And he's not as rich as a king,
But it doesn't matter because he is good
At one very wonderful thing.

Yes, my lad cannot give me bright jewels to wear,
Or dress me in velvet so fine.
But as long as he's good at that wonderful thing
I vow that he'll always be mine.

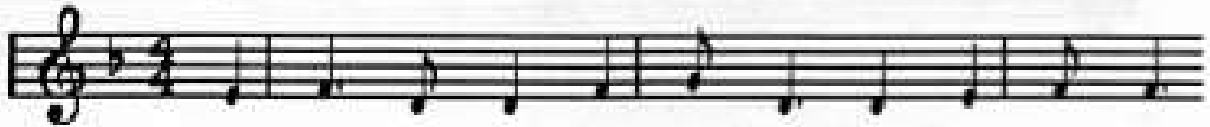
Now all you young lasses who still are unwed
Should keep this in mind as you look:
If you can't get a lad who is handsome or rich
Make certain that he's a good cook!

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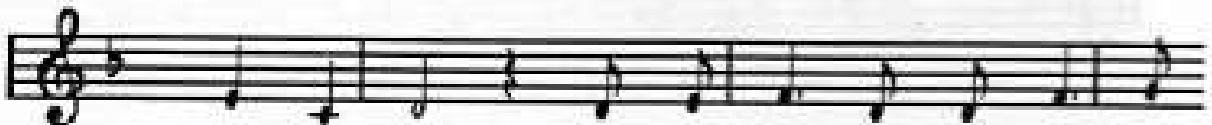
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Zyerne

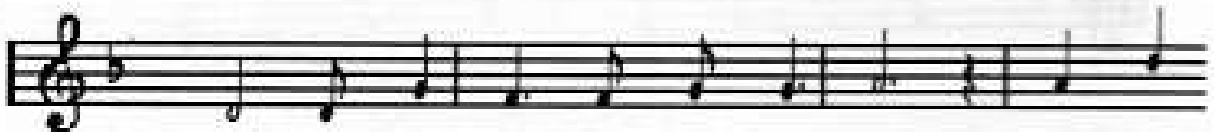
Words and Music by Catherine Faber



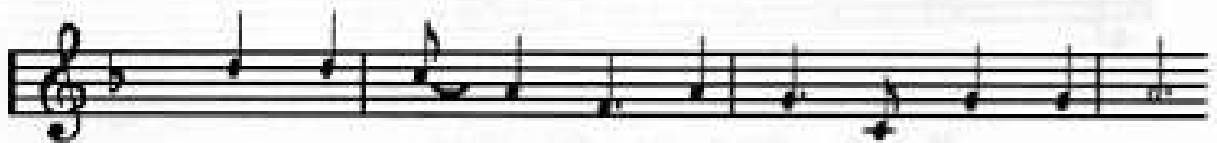
This girl with all the beau - ty I could ne - ver



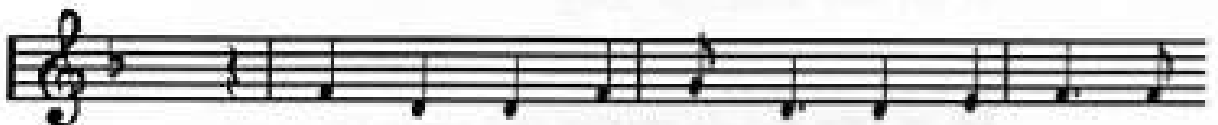
hope to own, In that brief, be - witch - ing mo -



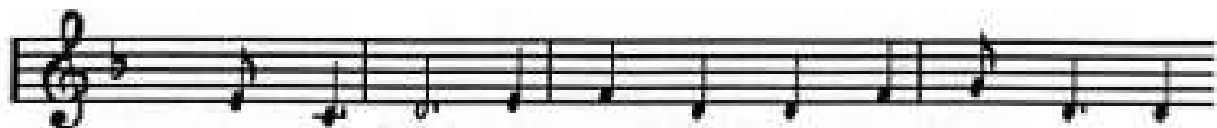
ment be - tween child and wo - man grown, Mis - tress



to a Mo - narch, this girl is half my age--



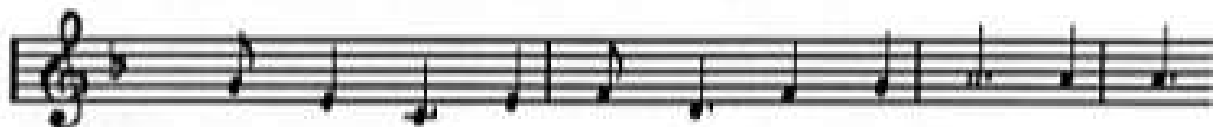
Am I on - ly jea - lous that she is the



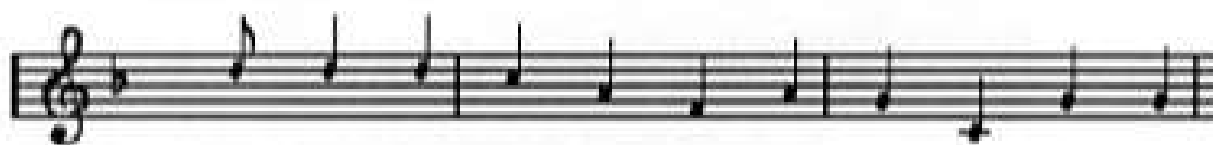
bet - ter wage? For I have worked and stud-ied hard,



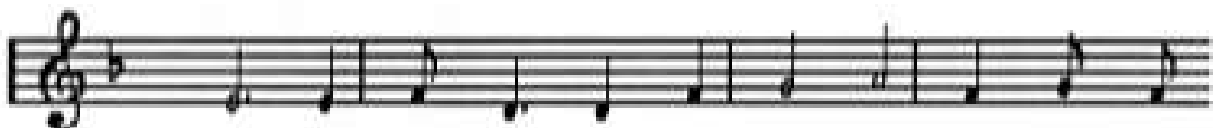
but slow-ly have I learned. Too well I know the



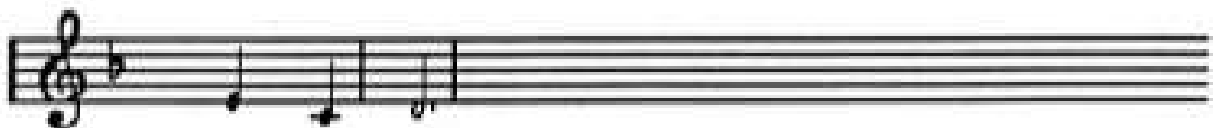
less - on - ing: All pow - er must be earned. And yet,



that's not ex - act - ly what the ax - i - om a -



vers... "All pow - er must be paid for---" How has she



paid for hers?

This girl with all the beauty I could never hope to own,
In that brief, bewitching moment between child and woman grown,
Mistress to a Monarch; this girl is half my age--
Am I only jealous that she is the better mage?
For I have worked and studied hard, but slowly have I learned.
Too well I know the lessoning: All power must be earned.
And yet, that's not exactly what the axiom avers. . .
"All power must be paid for--" How has she paid for hers?

She seems like some enchanting child, so innocent and frail,
Like dew upon a rose, the jewels on her silken veil
Her strength as far surpassing mine as stars surpass the storm,
The mightiest of mages, she can change her very form.
But magic's key is magic, I've pursued it half my days,
In tattered book, in harpsong, and in half-remembered phrase,
In silent meditation, beneath the sighing firs.
All power must be paid for. How has she paid for hers?

Am I grown old and bitter, that I flinch at every gaffe,
To hear such spite and malice in her charming, chiming laugh?
How did she taint the gnomish Deep, or what the Deep contained?
And why do all her lovers look so faded, white, and drained?
She seems so vain and petty, with a pinched and twisted soul
Where I'd expect maturity; she's won to such a goal,
And age-old rule establishes, and all I know concurs
All power must be paid for. How has she paid for hers?

Her room ablaze with golden light, she sat like any Queen,
I cloaked myself in shadows, that I might not there be seen
Her lackey knelt beside her chair, and what between them passed?
Her face. . .as though she'd hungered, and was sated now at last.
Silently I crept away, ashamed that I should spy
On something more than private, that had chanced beneath my eye,
But ever and uneasy, the memory in me stirs--
All power must be paid for. How has she paid for hers?

*Zyerne was the ambitious young sorceress in Barbara Hambly's Dragonsbane.
This song is from the viewpoint of the heroine, Jenny Waynest.*



"Meow!"